



**TRAIL OF THREE CROSSES**  
By Patricia A. Davey

My grandfather used to tell many stories when I was young of his travels around the world. He was quite an artist, too. His pen and ink sketches of faraway places, full of intrigue and mystery, graced the walls of his large, sunlit studio.

The tale I most loved to hear was about a journey he took in his youth, accompanied only by his faithful mule, to sketch the Andes Range of South America:

"I don't remember the exact reason I undertook this first journey. Perhaps it was

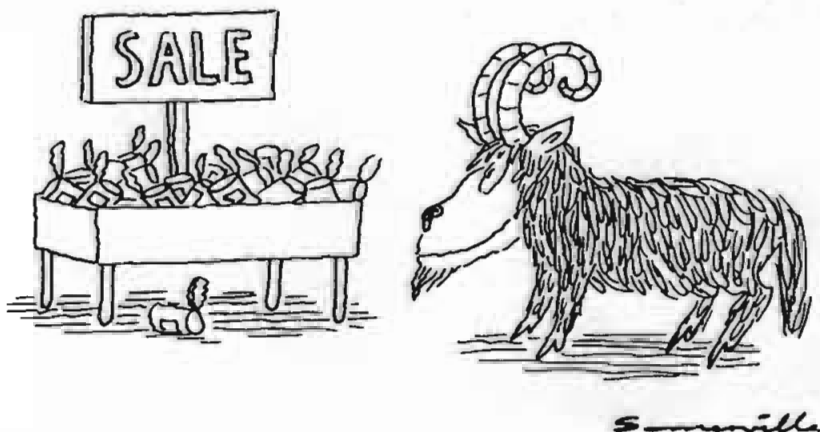
just because the Andes were there, remote, beautiful and very dangerous to travel in those days. I was young and restless, ready to go anywhere, see anything, so long as it was far away from home and school.

So I set out along the trails with Archer, my old black mule. We wandered here and there, and I got some good material for later paintings. One day, as we travelled slowly along the trail by a river, we met up with a very old man hobbling along. "You must take that branch," he quavered as we passed him by, pointing to a barely-used trail angling off away from the main stream. "It is your destiny!"

At first I thought it was a joke, but he stepped in front of me and continued to point, jabbing a gnarled finger at the air. So we turned off, on a whim, to follow the dim markings. I could tell the trail was very old and hardly used any more. Perhaps, I thought, it would lead me to an unusual place with magnificent scenery to sketch. We had followed the trail for several hours, climbing steadily up a deep canyon with a small stream bubbling cheerfully and the song of a distant hawk winging lazily above to keep us company, when I noticed the first sign of three crosses carved deeply in a large boulder almost blocking the trail. They were ancient, their outlines dimmed by the passage of time. They seemed to speak of ancient secrets long forgotten by everyone. I was intrigued and urged old Archer to a faster pace.

From there on I would come across more crosses, always carved in threes, and they were a very good guide as the trail was growing dimmer and harder to follow as we went. Obviously, we were the first to travel that way for many an age. That night we camped in a little box canyon off to the side of the main canyon. There was grass for Archer to crop to his heart's content, and a small sweet spring.

I sat by the fire and ate my rations, feel-



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ing a peace and contentment that was rare for me in those days. I was a restless soul and loved to keep moving on. The next morning we started off early. Archer trotted swiftly up the trail even though it grew steeper as we went. He seemed caught up, eager to reach the summit. I caught his mood and we flew along until we reached the top. Below us spread a magnificent valley ringed with high peaks topped by eternal glaciers. To the north smoked a massive volcano and I could see evidence of many eruptions in the valley below—ancient and recent lava flows and ash. Hardly anything seemed to grow there, except by a wide, slow-moving river that traversed the centre. There trees stood and abundant grass grew, enough to keep Archer satisfied for many a day.

It was then that I noticed the huge statue carved in the cliffs by the river. Oh, it was magnificent, shining in the morning light, standing at least 100 feet high. The figure was of a bearded man staring into the distance, standing as if poised for danger. One arm was raised, a finger pointing to the sky. He was dressed in long robes and his sandalled feet touched the edge of an ancient lava flow that was washed by the edges of the river. I could see the statue had been there long before the lava had come. I sat on Archer, staring for a long time before signalling him to go forward.

There have been few times in my life that the sense of mystery has come so strongly upon me: at the Taj Mahal, and the Sphinx. Even those places, though, did not evoke the sense of ancient secrets to be

revealed as much as my fist sight of that statue.

I spent many days wandering around the valley, sketching the statue from various angles at various times of day. There was no clue to its origin, only the feeling of great age.

The lava had flowed maybe 10,000 years ago and the statue had stood even then! But it seemed so familiar. A week passed before I knew the answer. It was a statue of Jesus, I suddenly realised one morning with a gasp of amazement.

But how could that be? I could find no answer, but it definitely was He, for I saw the nail imprints in His hands and feet. I wondered why it had taken me so long.

We had camped by the statue. I raised my tent between the feet where it was more sheltered. On the day I finally recognised the statue, I noticed the three crosses carved on a large square slab to the right of the statue's feet. They seemed to say, "Come here and we'll show you." So I walked over and pushed hard against the stone, not really expecting anything to happen.

The mechanism hardly made a sound as the stone moved smoothly back into the cliff, exposing a long dark hallway. At the end, the stone moved to the side with an echoing thud, revealing a dark cavern of uncertain size. I grabbed my flashlight and walked swiftly through the corridor, thrilled and not a little afraid.

As I stepped into the room, it was suddenly illuminated by a cold, bright light that seemed to come from everywhere and

nowhere. Strange, tall, square machines stood against the far walls, the varicolored lights on their flat surfaces blinking and gleaming. There was some sort of air circulation that started up and the temperature became very cold, almost unbearable, but I didn't want to go back for a warmer jacket for fear the stone would close and I wouldn't be able to return.

At the front of the room—for I realised it was a room artificially carved and magnificently constructed—there was a huge metal chest, the lid open. There knelt the body of a man, badly decayed and dressed as a conquistador, its arms thrown into the contents up to the elbows, in an attitude of extreme agony. As I walked closer I could see the chest was filled with jewels, fabulous stones of great size. I paused but didn't touch them as I felt a sense of great danger to myself if I should do so.

To the side of the chest stood a sort of dais or podium where lights also flashed. The distinct impression of a man's right hand was to the front. I felt compelled, almost forced against my will to place my right hand into that impression.

How can I describe what next came upon me? Visions flashed before my eyes—the history of the ancient people who had built this place. What a civilisation they had worldwide, advanced beyond our wildest dreams, their knowledge spanning all our hard-won science and more. They navigated the seas and the air and even space, their huge vessels travelling between worlds as easily as we now sail a placid lake! They knew the whole solar system and many systems beyond.

The machine was showing me the history of their religion: how a great prophet had come, telling of the Universal Creator and how His son was to come one day to save the Earth. They built great temples, and, as long as they followed the wisdom taught there, the civilisation prospered.

But then there came a falling away, after ages had passed and the King had not yet come. The temples fell into disrepair and the civilisation became corrupt, evil. In this time, some who still followed the old religion fled to this high valley and built what I had discovered, for they knew their world was soon to be destroyed forever. It was a time capsule left to the future.

The machine paused, then asked, "Has the King come?" I stood silent, amazed that I could understand the words. My mind grew blank. I whispered, "Yes, He



came almost 2,000 years ago."

In my mind's eye, the words of our Bible came almost unbidden and the whole story unfolded in my mind. To think I had remembered so much from the supposedly forgotten Sunday school lessons of my childhood! Why I hadn't thought of such things for years and yet, now, there they were, as clear as when I first heard them! Verses flowed out of my memory, telling of His compassion and love and of the promise that even though He would die on the cross for our sins, He would come again at the end of the age. I told of the resurrection and His appearances and then of His ascension into the clouds and what the angels had told the saddened crowd. I also told of the prophecies He had made, and how many felt we were now on the edge of the Latter Days.

I paused at last and a great silence fell upon the room; even the flashing lights stilled for a moment. At last, the machine again spoke.

"Leave this place at once. Do not touch the treasure, for that is a gift left to the King when He comes. Take instead the artifact which lies to the right of the handprint. Then go in peace and quickly."

I must say I obeyed immediately, grabbing up the object that lay on the podium to the right of the handprint and fled that place with alacrity, hardly bothering to even glance in the direction of the chest as I sped by. I ran down the corridor and leaped gladly into the sunlight, breathing deeply of the sweet cold air. The stone slab had followed close upon my heels and slammed into place with a loud crash that echoed and re-echoed among the surrounding ice-clad peaks.

I gathered up my camp; Archer and I left within the hour, pausing at the top of the valley only for a brief salute before Archer carried me swiftly back down the trail of three crosses and back to the outside world."

Every once in a while Grandfather brings out the old sketches and we go through them, remembering. He shows me the object he had picked up—a small square of shining golden metal, thin as a wafer. On the front is a huge smoky topaz, and below that, carved deeply, are three crosses. In the centre of the middle cross, a bright green light pulses like a heartbeat, on and on, never once pausing during all the years that have followed.

Sometimes while sitting before a roaring fire in the studio fireplace or standing outside watching the stars, I can't help wondering. Did they all die at the last, or did a small remnant survive? Did they rebuild their civilisation following a different path, staying out there among the stars rather than return to a then-devastated Earth? Are they still out there, the great ships still travelling among the worlds? Have they ever visited their old home?

Lately we have noticed the light pulses more quickly than before. What that means, we don't know. Perhaps, some day, we will find out.

(Source: *Venture Inward*, May-June 1993)

## WORLD GETS 3.5% WEIDER!

Sure it's a weird world, but it's getting weirder if the *Fortean Times* Strangeness Index for 1993 is anything to go by.

The magazine conducted a reader survey in mid-1993, and from this data and the editors' own study of subject matter traffic flow, concluded that 1993 was 3.5 per cent stranger than 1992.

To compute their index, the editors compiled a list under four key headings— animal, human, natural and paranormal worlds—with 34 topics in total ranging from animal attacks to UFOs.

They established a baseline year, 1992, and gave each topic an arbitrary value of 100—thus the baseline value for the index is set at 3400. Increases in traffic are noted as a +10 or -10 movement. The weirdness index for 1993 worked out at 3520—indicating an overall increase of 3.5 per cent. Though 19 topics recorded a rise, seven recorded a fall and eight no change at all.

Co-editor Bob Rickard explained: "We couldn't tell whether there was actually an increase in phenomena or an increase in reportings," but said he liked to think the list "could be useful in some sort of way."

Certainly, it gives insights into *FT* readers, but also draws attention to the fact that truly bizarre events happen regularly all around the world.

What Mr Rickard does find really amazing is the scientific establishment's lack of interest in trying to explain these strange phenomena: "The first confrontation with a new fact or a new theory is seen as a threat to the status quo."

(Sources: *Fortean Times* #73, February-March 1994; *The Los Angeles Times*, 6 June 1994)

## UNSIGHTLY SEA MONSTER SEEN

Vancouver, Canada — Two university students have claimed to have seen a snorting, six-metre-long 'sea monster' off a beach in Victoria, British Columbia, on the Pacific coast.

The creature was described by 18-year-old Ryan Green as rocky-faced, with twin humps and a round body.

Ryan Green was sitting on a rock with a friend, Damian Grant, when they both sighted the 'monster' about 15 metres away as it swam across Telegraph Bay. They saw the heavy-breathing creature surface twice before it dived into the calm waters.

"All of a sudden, this head comes up, like a whale with no spray, said Green. "And then this hump, the size of an inner tube in diameter. And then another hump. It's nothing I've ever seen before."

The youths were contacted by Mr Ed



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Bousfield of the Royal British Columbia Museum. He said "their observations absolutely tally with the classical profile of the cadborosaurus", one of the last living dinosaurs.

Mr Bousfield said about 160 recorded sightings of the swift-swimming sea monster have been reported.

(Source: *Reuter; The Sun-Herald [Brisbane], 8 May 1994*)

## EURO-ALIENATION?

Last December, the European Parliament's Energy Committee approved in principle a report recommending that a European UFO Observation Centre be established.

The report was submitted by Italian MEP and physicist, Professor Tullio Regge, who was inspired by the findings of the Service for Assessment of Atmospheric Re-entry Phenomena, already operating out of Toulouse, France, as a state-funded body.

Evidently, SAARP is unable to give scientific explanations for 40 per cent of the cases it has investigated.

While this doesn't necessarily confirm that aliens exist, Prof. Regge said that this shouldn't rule out the theory "that aliens have established a base in the asteroid belt".

Earlier this year, British MP and 'Euro-sceptic' Sir Teddy Taylor urged the British government to "refuse to pay one penny piece towards this madcap proposal", declaring it "the biggest piece of nonsense I have ever heard in my life, even out of Brussels".

Obviously someone in the European

Parliament is taking Prof. Regge's proposal seriously. Two weeks after Sir Teddy Taylor's outburst, an amendment was tabled compelling the Parliament to provide two seats for extraterrestrial representatives should Prof. Regge's report be accepted.

(Source: *Fortean Times* #75, June-July 1994)

## DIVINER INTERVENTION

Two British skiers, lost in a blizzard 4,000 feet up a Bavarian mountain, owe their early rescue—and possibly their lives—to Georg Horak, a 73-year-old dowser from Oberammergau, Germany.

Ian Middleton, 34, and Steve Swindlehurst, 28, both from Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, dug themselves in and tried to keep warm by drinking brandy.

After hours of searching without success, Mr Horak volunteered his services. In his living room, he held a piece of wire above a map of the area, allowing it to swing from side to side, and obtained a reading predicting to within a 1,000-foot area where the skiers would be found. He also warned that the men had broken something.

Three pairs of rescuers were issued with the diviner's instructions, and continued their search amidst temperatures dropping to -20°C. They found the lost skiers at 11.30 pm, within the area Mr Horak said they would be. And Mr Swindlehurst, in fact, had broken only a ski.

Rescue team chief Mr Alwin Delago said: "It was like looking for a needle in a haystack. We wouldn't have found them so quickly without the diviner's help. They

would have spent the night up there and risked exposure."

Commenting on her husband's success, Frau Horak said "My husband earned his living as a water diviner, locating water pipes and underground streams for building firms. It's a gift he was born with."

(Source: *The Daily Mail*, 26 Feb 1994)

## '21-SHARK SALUTE'

When the funeral flotilla of Fijian president Ratu Sir Penaia Ganilau sailed out of Suva Harbour on 29 December last year, it was accompanied by a school of sharks.

This was entirely appropriate as the president was said to be a direct descendent of the shark god Dakuwaqa.

En route to the president's home island of Taveuni, the sharks surfaced during the ceremonial 21-gun salute in front of the Tovuto, the boat bearing the coffin.

Mourners considered this a sign reaffirming Ratu Sir Penaia's bloodline from Dakuwaqa—especially since even a single shark-sighting in Suva Harbour is extremely rare.

(Source: *The Independent*, 31 Dec 1993)

## UNCANNY CANINE CONNECTION

An elderly woman in Britain contacted local telephone engineers to say that her telephone nearly always failed to ring when her friends called. On the few occasions when it did ring, her dog always barked first.

In the UK, a phone rings when 90 volts are sent across one side of the two-wire circuit and ground. When answered, it switches to the two-wire circuit, allowing two parties on the same line to be signalled without disturbing each other.

A technician duly arrived, climbed a nearby telegraph pole, connected his test set and dialled the house. The phone didn't ring, and he tried again. This time the dog barked loudly and the phone rang.

Upon further investigation, the technician discovered that the dog was tied to the telephone system's ground post via an iron chain and collar, and was receiving 90 volts of signalling current. After several jolts, the dog urinated on the ground and barked. The wet ground then conducted the signal and the phone rang.

See how some explanations can be so simple?

(Source: *InterNet message*, 18 December 1993, as reported in *Fortean Times* #74)

